

## TWO MOODS.

Between the budding and the falling leaf  
Stretch happy skies:  
With colors and sweet cries  
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades  
The world is rife.  
Then on a sudden all the music dies,  
The color fades,  
How fugitive and brief  
Is mortal life!  
Between the budding and the falling leaf  
Oh, short-breathed music, dying on the tongue  
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!  
Oh, harp of life, so speedily unstrung!  
Who, if 'twere his to choose, would know  
Again  
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,  
Its rapture and its pain?  
Though I be shut in darkness and become  
Insentient dust blown idly here and there,  
I hold oblivion a scant price to pay  
For having once held against my lip  
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—  
For having once known woman's holy love  
And a child's kiss, and for a little space  
Been boon companion to the Day and Night,  
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,  
And folded in the beauty of the stars.  
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay  
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,  
I thank thee for the gracious gift of tears!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

## HOW WE STRUCK IT.

"If I had only come here away back in the early fifties!" sighed a dreamy man to me as we waited for the train at Fruitvale last week. And another man chipped in and sighed also as he said, "Flush times then, you bet, and big strikes; but I only got here in the seventies—got here without a cent and have held my own right along!"

First let me once for all disabuse the popular mind about the flush times and big strikes of the early fifties. Yes, there were big strikes, but they were, like the big generals of our great war, not the rule. You hear of the big strikes and you hear of the big generals. The thousands and hundreds of thousands that perished in the ranks you never hear about.

For the benefit of the dreamy man who sits waiting and lamenting, let me say that the openings and opportunities are better today than they were in the seventies, and they were better in the seventies than they were in the fifties. The wear and tear of life was so terrible then too. Every dollar cost about two dollars and a half to get in those days.

It has been estimated, and I think about correctly, that if each miner had received twenty-five cents a day and board for his labor—and such labor sixteen hours a day generally—we would have had more gold dust than we got in those famous "early fifties."

So cease this deploring that you came so late to California, my dreamy friend. Of course we would all like to live over the impetuous old days again; but I doubt if you who don't get on today would have got on then. Better, far better for you, for all, to settle down content by some sweet village in this fair land, where you can have clean clothes, good food, books, papers, the presence of women and all the healthful refinements that attend her, than sit sighing for the days of old. You can at least get your board and twenty-five cents a day, and that, be assured, is more than we got on an average to the man, notwithstanding all our privations.

An old forty-niner from New Bedford, Mass., Mr. Haskins, who has written a very readable book about his fellow argonauts—and a very important book it is, as it contains the names of more than 35,000 of them—told me that of the 3,000 who came from his town, first and last, it was hard to find more than a very few who were much ahead in the world. He told me that on returning home after forty years he and his old friends took 300 of their select young men who came and compared their fortunes with 300 similar young men who remained at home, and they found that the proportion of those who had prospered at home was as ten to four against those who had come in forty-nine. On the other hand, they found that notwithstanding the perils and hardships the proportion of argonauts still living was ten to three against those who remained in New Bedford.

Some day, my dreamy friends, who lament your late coming and are continually taking the free local trains of Oakland in order to fly from toil as from a contagion, I will sit down and tell you how to make fortunes right here by the Bay of San Francisco far easier than they were made in the "early fifties." But for the present the contract is to tell you how we struck it in the middle fork of Humbug creek.

I had a "partner" for about a week, winter of 1855. He was not yet twenty, small for his age, and I was not yet thirteen. "A fool for luck," and so Pat Flannigan, the banker at Coos Bay, staked him—so he said—and Frank Campbell, of the Howlin' Wilderness saloon, started me. Neither of us, let it be frankly told, had enough practical sense to come in when it rained. Surely we would strike it, if there was a bit of truth in the old adage.

His name was Hi Williams Miller, so he said; and he claimed to be kin of mine, but I afterward learned that his name was Miller Williams. He was a fearful liar, and had about as much conscience as a rubber band.

Boots and pick and pan and shovel, bacon, flour, frying pan, beans and blankets, and so, half hidden under our huge loads, we crept out of camp at midnight up the narrow trail of the middle fork between high walls of snow. For he had a "pointer," he lisped, from old Alva Boles, killed two years later in the Pitt river massacre.

How in the world Hi Miller Williams managed to keep all this name I don't see. Names were rare luxuries in those days, especially long ones like this, and many a good old man may be found in those mountains to this day with name and date and nationality all worn away and gone as from an old quarter. But the true silver, trust God, is still there.

Three miles up the creek, a mile above the very last cabin, the last mile or two

solid snow, soft and impassable by day because of the sun, but hard as steel by night, and here we laid down our loads at daylight and took shelter in a brush shed built by Alva Boles. We fired our bacon and flapjacks and ate like wolves.

On the third day, discouraged and disgusted, for not a color as yet had we found, we took the tools and climbed up out of the canyon to a warm mountain side that lay to the sun. It was pleasant here. Some tall, wild flowers had shot through the brown carpet of pine quills by the edge of a foaming, tumbling stream, made muddy from a slide on the steep hill above. My "pard" did not like work, but he was always making it appear that he was moving mountains. After basking in the sun a bit he took the pick and pushed on up, and soon had the bowlders tumbling and rumbling down the angry stream, while I sat there and pulled some of the prettiest flowers ever seen. It was like picking the patterns out of brown Brussels carpet; they were so soft and fine and spiritual. They had such delicate, fresh tinted little stems, and the new blue blossoms were as blue as the eyes of a baby. But they went to sleep, closed their eyes forever, almost as soon as I pulled them up out of the warm brown carpet—they were so new and tender.

I heard a wild shout, and springing up I saw two arms tossed in the air and a little bare, black head thrown back till the face looked straight up to the center of the blue tent of heaven. The big little man walked toward me majestically down the mountain side, tip-toeing, on eggs! Ah, but he was tall! We—he had struck it.

Going back with him we found the water clear here, flashing down over a curiously green and brown and white floor of bare bedrock, and here, right through this, where his pick had struck, gleamed and shot and flashed a glittering seam of solid metal.

If you could have seen those swinging, sweeping arms! That windmill that overthrew Don Quixote was nothing in its velocity and persistence. I was made to comprehend that the vein ran here and that it ran there; was boundless and was bottomless; that the mountain was in fact one solid mass of virgin gold! Yet he said not a word—only those arms.

We got a piece of it out, more than a pound, and almost pure. I battered off a piece of crag, rods up the hill, and that, too, was heavy, almost solid.

We sat late by the fire that night after supper, and it was later still when he spoke for the first time, and then he spoke almost spasmodically: "To buy California first, all California, including this mountain of solid gold. That's it, you see, before they find out that gold is so plenty; then buy Oregon, on time; then come and get the gold; buy Ireland, poor Ireland! By gosh! Then buy England; go right to Queen Victoria and buy her crown and her throne on contract; good lawyer, so she can't back out; then come back and get the gold."

He was silent for a time and then with his face lifted far above me as if searching for the north star, he said half savagely: "Say, straight over the mountains to Yreka tonight on the crust, Flannigan not to know a word, nor Campbell; straight to Yreka; got enough already to bind contracts, buy California and contract with the Oregonians before tomorrow night!" Another pause, then suddenly again, "Say, look here; I might kill you and keep the whole thing. It is all my find anyhow."

And bless me if he didn't look as if he might. Anyhow the campfire was smoking on my side and I got up and leaned against a post. Then he got up, too, and said, "Come on, let's go."

I followed the desperate little rascal, keeping behind him all the way to Yreka, where we arrived just as Great-house & Slicer opened their bank. Breathless, and with face still lifted far above me, the boy who was going to buy Queen Victoria's throne and crown and have her throw in Ireland, strode up to where Charley Slicer, now in Oakland, was buying dust and laid the nuggets before his eyes. "Pure stuff!"

Young Slicer turned it over and over, took up a glass, looked at it carefully and then, handing it back as he turned to attend to some one else, said, sotto voce, "Yes, pretty pure—copper."

I got a job as cook on Greenhorn next day, and poor Hi, after getting himself into pecks of trouble and mixing himself up with me and my affairs, died at Red Bluff, with his face still lifted to the stars, I am told. Joaquin Miller in Elmira Telegram.

Mme. de Genlis' Childhood. If Mme. de Genlis' own account of her bringing up before her marriage is true she is a remarkable example of a woman who has learned from experience, and has contrived even among the incessant claims of society to repair her parents' neglect in the matter of education. At six she set forth with her mother to Paris, where she spent a few dismal weeks. After she had two teeth taken out (the history of children is always the same) "they put a pair of stiff whalebone stays on me and imprisoned my feet in tight shoes, which prevented me from walking. They rolled my hair in curl papers and I wore for the first time a panier. To cure my provincial air an iron collar was fastened round my neck, and as I squinted a little the moment I woke a pair of spectacles was placed on my nose, and these I was not allowed to move for four hours. Finally, to my great surprise, I was given a master to teach me how to walk (which I thought I knew before), and I was forbidden to run, or to jump, or to ask questions."

The private baptism of her infancy was supplemented by a public ceremony, and then her woes were partly forgotten in the delight of fetes and the glory of her first opera. This was "Roland le Furiere," and she was fortunate enough to hear Chasse, the singer who five years later was ennobled "on account of his voice and his beautiful style." Unlike his comrades he had some notion of modulation.—Mrs. Andrew Lang in National Review.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**HOOD'S PILLS** are the best after-dinner Pills. assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

## Sale of Muslin Underwear

during this month we shall offer

Gowns, 39c., 48c., 58c., 78c.,  
Skirts, 48c., 58c., 68c., 75c.  
Corset Covers, . . . . . 13c., 25c.  
Chemise, . . . . . 25c., 33c., 48c.  
Drawers, 25c., 29c., 38c., 48c.

## Bargain Corsets 50 cts.

Tan, Grey and White.

**Lord & Taylor**  
Grand Street Store, N. Y.

## BLOOMFIELD Savings Institution

JONATHAN W. POTTER, President.  
JOSEPH K. OAKES, Vice-President.

Office: 7 Broad St., near Bloomfield Ave.

Hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., Also, Mondays from 7 to 9 P. M.

An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

**STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.**  
RESOURCES.  
Bonds and mortgages . . . . . \$158,400 00  
Real Estate . . . . . 3,000 00  
U. S. and other bonds . . . . . 51,984 00  
Interest due and accrued . . . . . 4,000 00  
Office furniture, etc. . . . . 800 00  
Cash in bank and office . . . . . 19,715 67

**LIABILITIES.**  
Due depositors (including interest) . . . . . \$220,387 54  
Surplus . . . . . 31,821 06

Interest is credited to depositors on the 1st day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

**GUSTAV BRUETT,  
CONTRACTOR.**

Plain and Ornamental Gardener.

RESIDENCE, No. 9 LINDEN AVE., P. O. BOX 381.  
Grading, Curb Stones Set,  
Drainage, Flag Walks Laid,  
Macadamizing, Grounds Laid out,  
Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved.  
**ODORLESS EXCAVATING.**  
**GENERAL TEAM WORK.**  
Special attention given to Moving Furniture and all kinds of Team Work.

**A. B. McDOUGALL and SON,**

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Personal Attention Day or Night.

Upholstering and Furniture Repaired  
at Short Notice.

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TILE HEARTHES and FACINGS, IMI-  
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**A. W. BALDWIN,**  
P. O. Box 223, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

**V. I. M.**  
Insures Perfect Fitting Shirts

**Van Ness**

437 Broad St., Newark, N. J.  
Opp. M. & E. R. R. Depot



## KEEPING POSTED

is the duty of every man and woman. If you keep posted you will know how to save money. One dollar saved means two dollars earned. We want your trade and are willing to make inducements to get your trade. As a starter how is this: Silver watches were \$10.00, now \$8.00; also some were \$12.00, now \$10.00.

Handsome Mantel Clocks, regular price \$4.00, now selling at \$2.00. Nickel Alarm Clocks, warranted for a year, \$1.00 each. Gentlemen's solid 14 K Gold Watches have been \$60.00, now reduced to 50.00, spot cash.

Ladies' Solid Gold 14 K American Watches have been \$40.00, now at 30.00 to 35.00, depending on the ornamentation.

J. KENDALL SMITH,  
663 Broad Street, Newark.

**ESTATE OF ANNIE BALDWIN, DE-  
ceased.**—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.  
HALSEY M. BARRETT,  
EDWIN M. WARD.

**ESTATE OF THOMAS ALBINSON, DE-  
ceased.**—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.  
THOMAS H. ALBINSON,  
FREDERICK E. PILCH.

**ESTATE OF JOHN BAUSEWEIN, DE-  
ceased.**—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dusenberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.  
AUGUST BAUSEWEIN.

**NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE**  
Is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, Assignee of George E. Sutphen, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 22d day of November next.

**NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT—NOTICE**  
Is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, Administrator of James A. Williams, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the 22d day of November next.

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**1858. 1892.**  
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Wall and Ceiling Painting,  
Frescoing, Marbleing, Kalsom-  
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Done in the Best Manner.

Will be pleased to show my sample book of New Designs of Papers for 1892. Samples of all different grades, with borders and friezes to match.

I will maintain my reputation for prompt and careful attention to all orders.

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**ITS CAUSES AND CURE.**  
Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

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**Wrappers, Tea Gowns and  
Waists.**  
A FEW ITEMS WHICH FOR GOOD VALUE  
ARE UNEXCELLED.  
Elder down Wrappers or  
House Robes, gray or tan, Wat-  
teau back; reg. price \$1.95.  
Cashmere House Dresses,  
shirred, Watteau back, reverses,  
full empire sleeves, vest pocket,  
and deep cuffs of velvet, and  
lined throughout; reg. 4.98.  
Wrappers of best flannellette,  
handsome designs, Watteau  
back, front, Zouave effect,  
pleated round; value \$1.48.  
Flannel Waists, fine quality,  
full pleated front and back, full  
jabot front; reg. \$1.79.  
Nightgowns, surplus, puff  
yokes and extra fine all-over  
needlework, tucked and pleated  
backs, etc., worth \$1.23 and  
1.39.  
One lot Nightgowns, tucked  
yokes, lace trimming.  
White Muslin Underskirts,  
extra size, 2 3-4 yds. round.  
Drawers, finest make, deep  
imitation fine Medall lace trim-  
ming, reg. 63c.  
Knitted Underskirts, white  
grounds, colored border.  
Knitted Skirts, extra heavy,  
dark and light stripes, worth \$1.  
Infants' long cream Cashmere  
Cloaks, fine embroidered col-  
lar and skirt, satin lined and  
interlining; reg. price \$2.48.

Silk Waists, Tea Gowns, etc., in a bewildering display  
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Co." Creamery Butter. We take special pride in this particular article, and justly  
claim that for delicacy of flavor it is UNSURPASSED.

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Scotch Jams and Marmalades  
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.**

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**J. R. CONLAN,**  
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An assortment of Smokers' Articles always on hand. Cigars by the box a specialty